

JUVENALIS

Redivivus.

OR

The First SATYR of *JUVENAL* taught
to speak plain *English*.

A

P O E M.

*—Dent ocius Omnes
Quas meruere pati (sic stat sententia) poenas.*



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Bookfellers.

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The Preface to the Reader.

THere is scarce any one in this our Age, tho a small Author, but that thinks it convenient, and necessary to trouble his Reader with an Apology. Our very Sermons will not walk abroad without a Prologue in prose upon their backs, thinking themselves not secure, unless people are first perswaded into good nature: Every one puts on as many cloaths as he can get, and every one expects a storm. Indeed we are fallen into times of strange malice, and ignorance: Every illiterate spelling Coxcomb will be ready to give his verdict; yet who perhaps by repeating a Poem, will render it more ridiculous than it is in it self. Ariosto heretofore broke a Potter's vessels for singing a Song of his composing out of tune, telling him, that all the ware in his Shop could not suffice for the injury he had put upon him. And indeed, if such a Malefactor was to be tried by an unbiased, understanding Jury; Scandalum Magnatum it self ought not in reason to hope for greater Damages, than a poor, and thus abused Author. But alas, there is no such remedy; we must like offending Soldiers run the Gauntlet, and give every sneering Powder-monkey leave to claim the privilege of a

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Lick. Sure this sort of people were not so common when Juvenal first liv'd; If they were, I dare be confident some Scriblers had not found such an easie and merry Passage to Posterity as they have done; and that Persius himself (who lies sculking under the Patronage of our Author) had been soundly Firked, and abominably laugh'd at. One fault or slip of a Pen now a days, is sufficient reason why the whole book should be condemn'd: Neither is this all, but you shall be sure to have continually some good natur'd friend or other at your elbow, who will ever now and then flap you on the mouth with it. The severe Critick Longinus, and after him our admirable Laureat, take notice, that a man of a sublime Genius, a man of large possessions has not leisure enough to consider of every slight expence, will not debase himself to the management of every Trifle; whereas your mean fortunes, your midling Wits, manage their store with extreme frugality, are very nice in Grammar, but who with fear of running into Profuseness, never arrive to the Magnificence of a Living. I had rather see (both in men and women) wholsom, civil, careless behaviour, than the compleatness and exact motions of neat, finical, wire-drawn Babies. I admire the one, and am apt to grin at the other. Tis indeed ridiculous, that any one should take a great deal of pains, and be but
or.

to the Reader.

ordinary at last. I would willingly say all I could to excuse my own failings and mistakes; but however it is, I can by no means admit every one to be a competent Judge: I am sorry I am forc'd to be so ungentle as to deny it even to the Ladies. If there is any Genius in the Poem, it appears as being somewhat like a parallel to the Latin, and built upon old Juvenal's foundation; which I must crave leave, to suppose them to be wholly ignorant of. 'Tis true, they desire acknowledgments from men, that they are perfect beauties, tho at the same time they shew themselves naked no farther than their breasts. But I willingly receive a Judicious Reader, One that will examine and handle all parts, and that will not give his Judgment at first sight. The more he understands the Latin, the farther he searches, I am sure it will be so much the more to my advantage. He will find by an impartial scrutiny, that I have aim'd at that Naturalness, which Juvenal (in the judgment of Rapin) has seem'd wholly to have forgot; that I have purposely sometimes abstain'd from his scolding and ill language; being certainly assur'd, that a sporting and merriment of Wit doth render Vice more ridiculous, than the strongest reasons, or most sententious discourse. Indeed, he has seem'd all along to write in choler and passion, fancying himself to be really in the company of those persons, that

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that he describes with so much uneasiness and malice. 'Twas here only that I found my self more than ordinarily oblig'd, and against my Conscience, to keep somewhat close to him, to be downright and serious, lest in my too much caution I should not write a Parallel to which I pretend, and lest I should wholly loose the name of an Imitator. I have had, like him, no respect of Persons or Parties, but like a truly Loyal Satyrist have run full tilt at vice and folly, where ever I found it, with a resolution not to give any quarter; tho I must confess, I have discovered a greater abundance in the Faction, than amongst those that are Loyal. 'Tis fit the world should know that there be some men in it, that scout both Whigg and Torie, that hate the destroyers of Society; That scorn to be concern'd in noise and tumult, till there is a real occasion. My design at first was to have lead on this way of writing in many of the succeeding Satyrs, but I am unwilling to prevent a worthy and more experienc'd Pen. Think if you please, that my Time lies upon my hands, and that I delight to be scribbling, or that I was resolv'd to be Busy about Nothing, rather than be Idle; I am however upon all occasions

Reader,

Thy true Friend,

and very humble Servant.

To the Excellent and unknown Author of the
ensuing Poem.

SIR, I by chance th' ensuing Satyr saw,
And found that I my self did suffer too:
But blest the teeth that did so kindly bite,
That forc'd even duller Me at length to write:
Stripes in old Letchers oft does raise an Appetite.
From Anger free I only wisht that here
I could like thee give each a Character.
I'de tell the world that once Achitophel
Did please, but now the Ghost of Juvenal.
But by my Whiggery all Wits discri'd,
My Senses with the City-Charter dy'd.
Could I recall my Youth, and brisker bloud,
Sir I'de stretch high, — ay marry that I wou'd.
Noble, and gay, obliging whilst severe,
Thy Judgment deep, thy Fancy neat and clear.
Write on: Thou never sure canst do amiss,
I vow thou'rt born to scourge an Age like this.

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June 19. 1683.

To his Friend the Author of JUVENALIS
REDIVIVUS.

Blest Poet! Thou alone writst unconfin'd,
And in a Stile as free as is thy Mind.
Thy even Satyr no wrong Byas knows,
But equally on all its rage bestows.
Though (thou my Friend) hast been provok'd to write,
There's not one line that savours ought of spite.
But with impartial Pen Vice is drawn here,
And does in all its nakedness appear:
Where most men may perhaps with wondring look
See themselves ugly, and condemn thy Book;
Like some brown Dame, who, when she views her face,
Is angry at the sight, and breaks the Glas.
But still go on (brave Friend) and make us know,
What Rome to Juvenal, That to Thee we owe.
For in the Latin thou'st but chang'd each name,
The Matter, Manners, Men were all the same.
Nor doest in this the Age alone refine,
But Juvenal himself in every line.
This gentle Satyr, if well understood,
May kindly awe, and force us unto good.
Yet I fear too, ill in th' effect twill be,
All will turn wicked to be scourg'd by Thee.

June 23. 1683.

JUVENALIS Redivivus.

OR

The first *Satyr* of *JUVENAL*, made to speak
plain *English*.

BUT must I alway suffer this? Can I
So tamely still an ears *good nature* trie,
Exalted Nonsense being plac'd for Pillory?
Must I in *complaisance* conceal my pain?
No, I'll turn Fool, and write, and *vex* again.
Dear *Doeg*, long have I with patience heard
Cambyzes roar, and mighty thundrings fear'd.
The Comick *Mamamouch* hath reiz'd me too,
And *Sappho* with her wondrous Empty shew,
A *Torie* faith, yet sha'nt unpunish'd go.

Semper Ego Auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties Rauri *Theſeide Codri*?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille Togatas?

B

The

The *Citty Wits* have often scar'd my Eyes
 With lamentable, mournful Elegies,
 But of all plagues *Mack Fleckno* is the worst.
 With Guts and Poverty severely curst:
 Large is his Corps, his mighty works do swell.
 Both carefully fill'd up, and stuff'd from Hell:
Eternal Sot, all o're a publick As,
 Is cypher'd in the margin of his Face.
 No tawdry Jilt does Playhouse better know,
 Than I *St. Jameses Park*, or who kist who:
 I know *Morefields*, where cunning Bawds do live;
 Th' *Exchange*, where none but Knaves and Cuckolds thrive.
 I see it plain why grinning *Whigs* do sneer,
 Or scold, and sweat to day at *Westminster*;
 That *St. George* and I, shall have a Summons,
 As Traytors, to the *Royal* [1] House of Commons!

*Hic Elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
 Telephus? aut summi plena jam margine Libri
 Scriptus, & in tergo, nec dum finitus Orestes!
 Nota magis nulli Domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
 Martis, & Aoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
 Vulcani; quid agant venti, quas torqueat Umbras*

That

That thin starv'd *Squires* will steal a Golden Wench,
That *Wapping* Buff e'ne longs to kick the *French*:
The lab'ring *Press* does daily this repeat,
And frighted *Nokes* on loaded Stage does swear.
[2] These subjects do the *best* and *worst* wits choose,
But none will e're a tedious Dulness loose.
Then why should I, who long have left the Schools,
And all pedantick, boyish, Grammar rules;
I, who to *Patience* once did give advice
To quit Fur-gown, and publick Offices;
Shall I minc'd Pies defraud, or paper spare,
Since in Taverns, Streets, troth and every where,
Jack-pudding Poetafters do appear?
Since piss-burn'd Wigg, torn cloaths, and much of spight,
Or sawcy Fool's sufficient plea to write.

Æacus; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum
Pelliculæ, quantas jaculetur Monychus Ornos,
Frontonis Platan, convulsæque marmora clamant,
Semper & assiduo ruptæ LECTORE Columnæ.
Expectes eadem à summo minimoque Poetæ?
Et nos ergo manum ferule subduximus, & nos
Consilium dedimus *Sylle*, privatus ut altum
Dormiret. Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.

Juvenalis Redivivus.

But why the Ground must raging Fancy choose,
Which sharp and noble *Dryden* oft does use,
'Lashing full stretch his fiery foaming Muse?
Strong Truths and Reasons shall declare the Cause,
And which forgiving Zeal will ne're oppose.

When Fumbling *Serjeants* wanton Girls do wed,
(Sad Tools alas to warm a Marriage Bed)
When shameless Women on the *Stage* are brought,
And puny Lords with naked Breasts are caught;
When *Ishban* swears he's richer than my King,
And *Scriveners* against Courts their Actions bring;
When leathern Clown, that came from [3] *Islington*,

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quam magnus equos *Aurunca* flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat Spado, *Mavia* Tuscum
Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma;
Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis juvenis mihi barba sonabat;
Cum pars *Niliaca* plebis, cum verna *Canops*

Juvenalis Redivivus.

5

To factious Common Council's strait does run;
And then with Pride on stately Stone-horse set,
Curses the *Golden Chain* that makes him sweat:
s' Death, from loud laughter I can ne're refrain,
I stop at grins, and hide my teeth in vain;
My boiling Gall does such confinement scorn,
And strong desires of *Pen* and *Ink* return.
Here in his Coach the full-blown *Jonas* swells,
And *Papist* Rats the sharp-nos'd *Arod* smells;
The squeaking Jack-call *Doctor* starts the Game,
And each his share in *Blood* and *Money* claim.

Crispinus, *Tyrias* humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus Aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera *Gemmae*:
Difficile est *Satyram* non scribere: nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se
Causidici nova cum veniat *Lectica* *Marbonis*
Plena ipso, & post hunc magni delator amici
Et citò rapturus de Nobilitate Comes
Quod superest,

B 3

Through

Through Strange beliefs he bribed sence decoys,
 And swears that *Devils* ne're could utter lies,
 Yet dreads that *T O* will once against the *witnejs* rise.
 With such success Sham-plots a *Midwife* try'd,
 (As some affirm) by *Tower'd* Lords employ'd.

Here *Covent Garden* stabs an Heir Remove,
 Stallions eat Gold, are blest in Hellish Love;
 They cheat fond, irksome, and deceiving Life,
 I'th Sweets of a Rich Merchant's *ugly* wife.
 The Long-rayl'd *Balaam* from a [4] Table strikes
 His twelvfe Half-Crowns, nor fame nor pay dislikes.

quem massa timet, quem munere palpat
Carm., & à trepido *Thymele* summissa Latino.
 Cum te summoveant, qui Testamenta morantur
 Noctibus, in Cœlum quos evehit optima summi
 Nunc via processus, vetule Vesica Beate.
 Unciolam *Procnleim* habet,

Hard Brawny Strong does much and more inherit,
He drinks and roars on's stock of belly-merit.
But sure this hot-spur will the Profit reap,
When's thin pale Soul through shriveled veins does creep;
When like declaiming Tyburn-Rogue he'll Cry,
Good Countrymen take warning all by Me :
When in Pox, Gout, and stink *Amyntas* lies,
That was so brisk, so gay, so witty, and so wise.
Soft Pity, and fierce Angers rear my Soul,
When Knaves a Noble *Essex* Youth controle:
Undone by Fraud he discontented walks,
And to his shabby thread-bare Garment talks.

—sed Gillo Decuncem,

Parteis quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis hæres:
Accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis, & sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui Calcibus Anguem,
Aut *Lugdunensem* Rhetor dicturus ad Aram.
Quid referam quantâ siccum Jecur ardeat ira,
Cum populum gregibus Comitum premat hic spoliator
Pupilli prostantis?

He

[5] He Sharks, and Cheats, he Pimps, and feign would
Game,

To raise the Grandeur of his Birth and Name.

But those the Rogues i'th Croud of Footmen plac'd,

The Boars that do our Fields and Countreys wast.

They Eat whole Families, drink Orphans Tears,

And none the threats of waking Conscience feares,

(As God would have it too,) they'r *Usurers*.

See *Curse ye Merox* with mock sentence blest,

(For what's disgrace, when Coin at home doth rest)

Banish't Mankind on Herbs himself he *fasts*,

And stares, and struts i'th midst of's Brother Beasts.

With Haste and Zeal he *loves* his Angry Fate,

And Joys that God so mean a Wretch will Hate.

[6] *Oh Doctors, Doctors Commons, tho prevailing*

Yet thou findest for thy wrongs no Help but wailing.

---At hic *Damnatus inani*

Judicio, (quid enim salvis infamia Nummis?)

Exul ab octavo *Marini* bibit, & fruitur *Dis*

Iratis: at tu victrix Provincia ploras.

Where's

Juvenalis Redivivus.

Where's *Auldram Rochester*, and *Wicherley*,
You mighty Souls, that in this Cause dare dye?
Let's draw our Pens, and quit [7] *Tarfander's* Praise,
Fair *Phillis* lovely *Bum*, the charming ways
Of *Country Wife*, renown'd for mizmaze tricks,
Or where their Darts our Courtlike *Cupids* fix.
The Worlds on Fire, it does in madness reign,
Quench it with Ink, with Satyr breath a Vein:
Peevish, perverse, & base, it hates a Cure,
And scarce will our true honest minds endure;
It must, it must the kind *Plain-dealers* feel,
That will its sores, and foul diseases heal.

Hæc ego non credam *Verusina* digna *Lucerna*?
Hæc ego non Agitem? Sed quid magis *Heracleas*,
Aut *Diomedas*, aut mugitum Labyrinthi,
Aut mare percussum puero *Fabrûmque* volantem?

Then *Smooth* I wont forget that *Handsome* Lord,
 Seditious Sor, unfaithful in his word:
 With strange good Nature he his Horns receives,
 And a whole *Wife* for *Julio's* Friendship gives.
 When e're strong Drink or Sleep does seize his head,
 Be sure that minute there's a *Cuckold* made.
 His Conscience Pimps, his Brains the Friend doth buy,
 And all things yield to his *No-Loyalty*.
 Ferch pious *Swearmuch* from *New-Market* Race,
 Religion *jades* him, and she *tires* apace:
 He on good Horseflesh lives, but will not own,

Cum Leno accipiat Mœchi bona, si capiendi
 Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare Lacunar,
 Doctus & ad calicem vigilantî stertere naso,
 Cum fas esse putat curam sperare cohortis,
 Qui bona donavit præsëpibus, & caret omni

That

That Fortune e're can cast her *Rider* down.
His noble Ancestours he scarce does know,
But with unsullied honour *sneaks* below.
And says, tis well observed by the Wife,
That from starv'd Jockeys valiant Souldiers rise ;
And underhand for a *Commission* tries.
A beggar'd [8] *Duke* thus once was set astride,
And did himself to a poor *Devil* ride.
Why should I not the Streets, and Churches fill
With sharp Lampcons, spew venom thro my quill ?
When bald-fac'd *split-cause* in Sedan must roul,
Th' unfeather'd, glaring, rich, *Majestick* Owl :

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Majorum censu dum pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam : puer *Automedon* sic lora tenebat,
Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.
Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio ; cum jam sextâ cervice feratur,
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ pene cathedrâ,

Dowries he has from *sweet* oppression,
 But Wax and Parchment was his Portion.
 Worse than a Plague he dreads the Wind and Air,
 It spoils his *Curls*, and does disturb his *Hair*.
 To please the Earth let kind Heaven rain or shine,
 The Day is damn'd that crosses his Design.
 In ease and softness he melts down his hours,
 And the spruce *Earl* above his God adores.
Clarinda here her *mortgag'd* corps would buy,
 Itches once more for Maiden Liberty.

Et multum referens de *Macenate* supino
 Signator, falso qui se lautum atque beatum
 Exiguis Tabulis, & gemmâ fecerat udâ.
 Occurrit Matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum

Wifely

Wisely did Reverend *Time* her *Mother* see,
That *Dog* and *Bitch*, when coupled, ne're agree.
In vain are Myrtles rais'd, and Roses spread,
She loaths the joys of an unwholsom Bed;
Curses the false fires of her Ferret Eyes,
And charming, ill contriv'd deformities.
In short, to brave stout *Russian* Saints she pray'd,
It lightned, thundred, and the Husband's dead.
Her desperate *Gods* with noise our *City* shooke,
"And roar'd their vengeance out in fire and smoak.
Had she some secret, *modish* poysons sought;
[9] *Madamoseile* her knowledge would have taught;
She'd work above, the *Frenchman* down below.
[10] The Devil's in the Dice if 'twould not do.

Porrectura viro miscet sitiente Rubetam,
Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas,
Per famam & populum nigros efferre maritos.

Go on brave Souls, flight *still* all heav'nly power,
 Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tower*.
 Fame loves to talk of Rogues, their Ghosts does dread,
 When I their *Tryals* and their *Memoirs* read.
 A pox of Honesty and Conscience,
 Despis'd by all the men of wit and sence.
 Learning and Piety ne'ere made man great,
 Dull Knaves, and cringing fools preferment get.
 See here this large Estate to *Hell* I owe,
 And this from profitable *sins* does grow ;
 Base *niggard* Heav'n on Earth must credit loose,
 The lib'ral *Devil* for our *God* we choose.

Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris, & carcere dignum,
 Si vis esse aliquid. Probitas laudatur, & alget :
 Criminibus debent Hortos, Prætoria, Mensas,
 Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula Caprum.

O Hideous thought, —————

————— I Rave, I cannot Rest,
When sweet fair *Lucia*, like a VVanton drest,
Sighs, smiles, looks, kisses in incestuous arms,
And frighted senses to *strange* feasts alarms :
Pitty vile, beastly Lust had such *amazing* Charms.
Eunuchs and Monkeys *Cloris* still requires,
Creatures unfit for Loves soft Amorous fires ;
Their Duty a good *Christian* oft desires.
The young *St John* rots long before his time,
And of *Guaiacum* stinks, and *Turpentine*.
Hence, hence, my own Poetick rage I slight,
The *madness* of the world shall make me write.

Quem patitur dormire Nurus corruptor avaræ,
Quem Sponsæ Turpes, & prætextatus adulter :
Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio versum,

Let

Let sinking Nature noble Scorn supply,
 It may compose at least such lines as I,
 Or the Dull, honest *Barten* [11] *Holiday*.

E're since the Royal *Charles* from *England* went,
 And *Floods* of Tears bewail'd his Banishment :
 Since mad Religious Rebels did Command,
 And joy'd to see a sad and *naked* Land ;
 Each Face for Satyr will afford a Theme,
 And even silent Thoughts procure Esteem.
 Bullies, Cheats, Pimps, and whores, ay all mankind,
 May here their ugly, well-drawn Pictures find.

Qualemcunque potest, quales ego, vel *Cluvienus*.
 Ex quo *Deucalion* Nimbis tollentibus Æquor
 Navigio montem ascendit, sortesque poposcit,
 Paulatimque animâ caluerunt mollia fæxa,
 Et maribus nudas ostendit *Pyrrha* puellas:
 Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
 Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

Vice (Heaven be prais'd) a tall fair Crop does yield,

A Harvest always, and from soil untill'd.

Shop-keeping *Gripes* in large long Rows appear,

The Times are hard, they cry, on *'Rep* they swear,

For King and Church they can't afford a Prayer.

Sr. *Fopling* must to day at *Locket's* dine,

where Cards and Dice commend the Nasty wine;

Grannums old Gold from *Satin* Purse is brought,

And Lordships are by Jilting Forttune caught.

Undone he stakes his Soul, tempts on his Fate.

While's Lowfy Footmen for their wages wait.

At length the *Gentile* Cully leaves our Isle.

Whilst *Noise* and Bully *Thunder* share the Spoil.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando

Major Avaritiæ patuit sinus? Alea quando

Hos Animos? Neque enim oculis comitantibus itur

Ad casum Tabulæ, posita sed luditur Arcâ.

Praelia quanta illic dispensatore videbis

Armigero? simplex ne furor sestertia centum

Perdere, & horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?

To please the *Croud* our Fathers never meant,
 Nor seven long years in mighty *Nothings* spent;
 Ne're built a Costly useless *MONUMENT*.
 Till selfish *Shimei* none e're din'd alone,
 Glutton and Swine himself he *starves* the Town;
 Good *Herbs* and *Air* God made for our relief,
Fishes, Birds, Beasts for him, and's *Woodstreet* wife.
 Our *Noah's Ark* the aged world now fears,
 And down his Throat all Creatures go by *Pairs*.
Ravens and Carrion-bitts he gives the Rout,
 But savoury *Pidgeons* seldom do come out.
 Grace said, he smiles, and standing up—

[12] Drive off the *Torie* Rogues, he loudly cries,
 Take heed of *Spanish Pilgrims* in disguise.

Quis totidem erexit Villas? Quis fercula septem
 Secretò cœnavit avus? Nunc sportula primo
 Limine parva sedet turbæ rapienda togatæ.
 Ille tamen faciem prius inspicit, & trepidat, ne
 Suppositus venias, ac falso nomine poscas.

The Brethren you may eas'ly know from these,
True Protestants have lost their Consciences.
Let cashier'd angry Courtiers still come on,
Sure trusty *Trojans* in Rebellion.
For each of these on factious treats depend,
Huge *Ale* and *Beef* did always find a friend.
Should I make publick feasts, (which heaven prevent)
(Damnation gad's a milder punishment),
The Zealous *Zimri* there should first be plac'd;
Then scribbling *Arthur* is a Hopeful Guest.
But here's an *Alderman* a seat must have,
A sober, sly, discreet, substantial Knave;
Spawn'd on the banks of *Trent*, a *Todpole* bred.

Agnitus accipies: jubet à Præcone vocari
Ipsos *Trojugenas*, nam vexant limen & ipsi
Nobiscum: da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.
Sed libertinus prior est, prior inquit ego adsum:
Cur timeam, dubitemve locum defendere? quamvis
Natus ad *Euphratem*, molles quod in aure fenestræ

Now *Toad* all o're, with a large *Trimmers* head.
 Good kind *Addresse* by his *face* are meant,
 But's *breech* is all a *Scottish* Covenant.
 Large mines of *Gold* do in his *Cellar* sleep,
 'Twill all your *Windfor* [13] *Knights* in credit keep.
 Well-born *L'Esrange* must not compare with us,
 He's *wise*, and *poor*, and therefore scandalous.
 The *roaring* *Lords* admire our richer mould,
 Each bows and cringes to us *Calves* of *Gold*.
 Money, dear money *Titles* will afford.
 For *silver Judas* does betray his Lord.

Arguerint, licet ipse negem, sed quinque tabernæ
 Quadringinta parant. Quid confert purpura majus
 Optandum? Si *Laurenti* custodit in agro
 Conductas *Corvinus* opes? ego possideo plus
Pallante & Licinis.

Stand off then *Peers*, let a brave *Citt* come by,

Adore a *Rag* of *lowfie* Majesty.

Under his branches *beasts* do take their rest,

There, there a *bird* of *prey* does make his nest :

with vast respect him let our children name,

Who sacred honours thus alone does claim;

Who to th' *Town* a notch't, sun-burnt, itchy *Prentice*)
came. }

Saint Paul shall now his stately *Temple* quit,

Goddeſs Pecunia muſt inhabit it.

Henceforth no *Tipſtaffs* ſhall our Meeting ſearch,

Meek kind *Diffenters* then will come to Church.

Expectent ergo Tribuni,

Vincant divitiæ : sacro nec cedat honori,

Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis.

Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima Divitiarum

Majestas, etſi funeſta Pecunia templo

Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,

Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,

Then

Then noisie [14] Jack-daw *Jen—s* preach thy worth,
 And *Kam*, and *Kaw* thy goodly Doctrines forth.
 Speak then, you that our Glories oft have seen,
 Great is *Diana* 'mongst our Englishmen.

He said, and long revolving in his thought,
 what Coin his *Dear* Disloyalty had brought,
 For Lies 'gainst Court (says I) you this Receive,
 For downright Treason this, and this as—*Shrieve*.
 But why should rich men thus engross a Trade?
 The Rabble live by'r, tis their *daily* Bread.
 Through Grace a zealous *Lobbish* Traitor cries—
 Help on O Heav'n our weak Infirmities.
 Three Tabernacles Lard do thou prepare,
 For *Ferg—N*, Tom *H—nt*, and Harry *C—re*.

Quæque salutato crepitat concordia Nido.
 Sed cum summus honor finito computet Anno,
 Sportula quid referat, quantum Rationibus addat:
 Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est.

Make



Make this a Bishop, Tom a Judge shall be,
And the *Gracious* Lad chief Secretary;
Rewards sufficient for iniquity.

Tis true, a Jilt the *Cause* they lead about
With Midwife hands, and help't a Monster out.
In zeal and Conscience they this *Babe* did wrap,
And almost *kis't* and *lick't* it into shape.
But the good Devil ow'd his Friends a spight,
The Bastard-plor half Grown is ruin'd quite;
A Fool; it neither Brains nor Breeding had,
A Driveling, Blundring, Milk-sop Oaf 'twas made.
Who'd think that such a Reformation
Was got by the *wise* part o'th Nation?
They Lye: their wisdom and their Purse is poor,
London * Churchwardens do keep both child and whore;

* *The-won'd-be Sheriffs.*

*Et panis fumusque Domi? desissima centum
Quadrantes Lectica petit, sequiturque Maritum.
Languida, vel Prægnans, & circumducitur Uxor.*

Their

Their Boasted number to a *Nothing's* fell,
 Your Men in *Moons* good Sirs can ne're prevail.
 Come shew your Heads, young *Julio* wants a Vote,
 He begs th' assistance of a Carman's throat.
 But see, the Godlike *Cæsar* mounts the Throne,
 And a vain empty Idol's melted down.

Eut tho God scatter'd thus this *Jewish* race,
 Again with Nauseous spit they dawb his Face,
 Huzzaing, we [15] *Barabbas* still Release.
 No Hour can skip here unregarded by,
 Their busy Souls each *minute* do employ.
Libels and *Coffee* first the Morning stay,
 Then *Wine* and *Whores* lead on the Joyful Day.

Hic petit absenti notâ jam callidus Arte,
 Ostendens vacuum & clausam pro conjuge sellam,
Galla mea est, inquit, citius dimitte, moraris?
 Profer *Galla* caput: Noli vexare, quiescit.
 Ipse Dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum;
 Sportula, deinde, forum;

The Prisons now for swearing Knights they take,
And fetter'd Rogues substantial Juries make.
The Refuse and odd scraps of time are spent,
To wire the Life of some *Heroick* Saint,
Tony in Print an Hair-brain'd Author puts,
Before the book a well-drawn Picture struts,
So rotten *Whetstone* Jades wear Silken Petticoats.
Bumfodder sure before was not so scarce,
With *Lives* and *Deaths* I now must wipe mine A—.

Indeed a whole Day once they did design
[16] To Pray and Praise in *Butchers* meat and wine.
But the gud Tribe for Nought did Guinnies pay,
At Door they just peep'd in, and *sneak'd* away.

Jurisque peritus Apollo.

Atque Triumphales, inter quas Ausus habere,
Nescio quis titulos *Aegyptium*, atque *Arabarches* :
Gujus ad effigiem non tantum mejere Fas est.
Vestibulis abeunt veteres, lassique Clientes.

E

A

A Non-Con *Abr'am* would not trust his Eyes,
 But look't behind for *Rams* to sacrifice.
 Some Tradesmen too (who by my soul at least
 Can forty Days upon *occasion* Fast,)
 At length with tedious expectations Tired,
 And do resolve henceforth they'll ne're Aspire,
 Beyond a *Toast*, a *Nutmeg*, and a *Sea-coal* Fire.
 Their Grandees baulk't like Owls do hate the light,
 At home turn Fools and Gluttons out of sight.
 Their whole Estates they swallow down, for fear
 Their Treason known should give the K. a share.
 Flatt'ry they love, but 't must not come within,
 Tis a *good natur'd* and *expensive* Sin.

Votaque deponunt, quamvis longissima Cœnæ
 Spes homini : Caules miseris, atque ignis emendus.
 Optima Sylvarum interea Pelagique vorabit,
 Nam de tot pulchris & latis orbibus, & tam
 Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia mensæ,
 Nullus jam Parasitus erit ; sed quis feret istas

So many Beasts to *Adam* never came,
 Each now dish'd up from *them* expects a name.
 The wide-throat hungry Lawyers better sped,
 They nobly on our stinking *Charter* fed.
 But Vice brings still with it a Punishment,
 A huge fat Carcass to the *Bath* is sent.
 Though these *Augæan* Stables scorn a flood;
Epsom and *Tunbridge* waters do no good.
 Strange Swellings rise from undigested mear,
 Their names are known at the next *Torie* treat,
 Who scout these *Tympanies* of Church and State.

Perfect and full-grown *Ill* can mount no more.
 The Age to come its Glories must adore;
 Know how from *nothing* our *Creation* grew,
 And wondring stand a *world* of mischiefs view.

*Luxuriæ sordes! quanta est gula, quæ sibi totos
 Ponit Apros, animal propter convivia natum?
 Pœna tamen præsens cum tu deponis amictus
 Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in Balnea portas.
 Hinc subitæ mortes, atque intestata senectus:
 It nova, nec tristis per cunctas fabula cœnas,
 Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.
 Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas, eadem cupient, facientque minores.*

Poor in themselves with thanks they shall receive,
 What we their *Gods* above will *downwards* give.
 Yet spread my Sails, and launch into the Deep,
 O're Death and Dangers shall my *Satyr* leap.
 This *Gyant*-work I boldly do disown;
Pelion and *Offa* now shall tumble down.
 Help then, O Heaven, with a Destroying hand,
 Scatter the *Lice* and *Locusts* of our Land.
 With Famine, Plagues, and Inquisition kill,
 But O remove, remove, a *Greater* ill.
 I know They all defiance do profess,
 Stubborn and disobedient to my Lash;
 But time there was when they observ'd my Nod,
 And gratefully would *love* and *kiss* the Rod.

Utane in præcipiti vitium stetit, utere velis.
Totos pande sinus. Dicas hic forsitan, unde
Ingenium par materiæ? unde illa priorum
Scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere Nomen.

For *Johnson* his't at length a Poet was,
But th' HONOURABLE ESQUIRE's *still* an As
If *Whatdeecallum* with Advice you hurr,
Lord, you must ask his Pardon in open Court.
But let each *Tigelline* in Coaches strut,
Look down on wiser men that walk a foot :
When Titles come we'l *sneer*, and turn about.
Deast *Scandalum Magnatum*'s thundred out.

[17] Let Puny wits some *Heroe's* fate rehearse,
And *murder* him again in Hobling verse :
My soul this Cowardice doth wisely Dread,
Tis Cruelty to *cut* and *flash* the Dead.

Quid refert, Dictis ignoscat *Muriss*, an non ?
Pone *Tigellinum* tœdâ lucebis in illâ
Qua stantes ardent & fixo Guttore fumant;
Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arenâ.
Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
Pensilibus Plumis, atque illinc despiciat Nos ?
Cum veniet contra digito compesce Libellum,
Accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic est.
Securus licet *Æneam*, *Rutilumq;* ferocem :

See c

See our Fam'd *Laureats* frown does fright the Croud,
 All fly the vengeance of an angry God.
 Their Guilt and Shame an Horror does express,
 Devoutly to Him they their *sins* confess.
 Perhaps at last, if Wine their Courage move,
 With base *Rose-Alley* Drubs they him reprove,
And stand like Capaneus defying Jove.
 All this *Ile* bear, this I can eas'y pass,
 And boldly march the *Muses* [18] *Hudibras*.
 Be still then *Westminster*, thy Tombs shall rest,
 Sleep on ye Reverend Shades in silence Drest.
LONDON, thou sink of Vice, my Stripes expect,
 The world shall know, that I the *Living* dare CORRECT.

Committas : Nulli gravis est percussus *Achilles*,
 Aut multum Quæsitus *Hylas* urnamque secutus.
 Ense velut stricto, quoties *Lucilius* Ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacitâ sudant Præcordia Culpâ,
 Inde Iræ & Lacrymæ : tecum prius ergo voluta
 Hæc Animo, ante tubas : Galeatum serò Duelli
 Pœnitet ; experiar, quid concedatur in illos,
 Quorum *Flaminia* tegitur cinis atque *Latina*.

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NOTES.

1. **T**His I suppose may look somewhat like a Parallel to Quas torqueat umbras Æacus. For by Torqueat is meant nothing else than to be put upon a Tryal; and how often good honest Loyal men have been summoned before the Devil of an House of Commons, I leave to those that have read the Actions of the RUMP Parliament, and are acquainted with the Proceedings of FORTY ONE.

2. There are various Conjectures delivered upon this Verse, viz. Expectes eadem &c. but this seems to me to be most consonant to the nature of the Place.

3. Canopus was a place in Egypt, twelve Miles distant from Alexandria, reported to be a meer Sodom and Gomorra; and that I have raised up Islington as somewhat of kin to it, the Inhabitants sure cannot think twill bear an Action of Scandal.

4. A Trick too well known among the brethren of Belly.

5. This

5. *This whole description is contained in the word, Prophanitis, the sense of the Author being this, viz. That oftentimes upon the account of Knavish and extorting Usurers, a poor, distressed, over-reach'd Heir is forc'd to use the most sordid ways of employment, to get a Livelihood.*

6. *This Humour of exposing a bad Poet is very consonant to the Genius of Juvenal. Cicero himself is scouted by him for his O Fortunatam Natam &c. and upon the consideration that I pretend to bring my Author to life again, it would be a mere solæcism, if I should not take notice of those verses, which a very wicked Poet and Translator would force upon him, and make the world believe were his own.*

7. *Those that have read the E. of R. Poems, know very well what I mean by Tarsander, but (because I pretend somewhat to Modesty) I shall not explain it at present.*

8. *Automedon was Achilles his Master of the Horse (if I may so call it) but however his Inclinations that way, was the cause of the destruction of his Estate and Family.*

9. *Locusta, a Notorious wretch (a French Lady) of this*

NATH

Name there was in the time of Nero, whom she helped by her execrable experience in Poisons to dispatch Britannicus &c.

10. There is nothing that commends this verse but the Naturalness of it. And those that understand the true meaning and intent of *Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illis*, cannot but acknowledge, that I have personated my Author.

11. This Gentleman translated Juvenal, but after that uncooth, heavy, and clumsy way, that I may with a safe conscience shake him and Cluvienus in a Bagg. He was certainly a very Learned man, and a good Commentator, but it is no less true, that he was a miserable and lamentable Poet.

12. Here I make an honest Countryman of mine stand up and make a kind of a speech, according to the method and laudable custom of our more modern Poems; and which surely Juvenal himself, if he were really alive, would allow of.

13. Quadringinta, ~~to which this relates,~~ was four hundred

Sesterces, 3125^l sterling, which was the value of a Roman Knights yearly Revenue. He is called Windsor Knight out of Contempt.

14. There is a great dispute concerning this Place. I think the Design of the Poet is to intimate, that Storks built their Nests, and made a Noise nigh the Temple of Concord: And why I may not call them Jack-Daws, and bring them in as Preachers, let any one shew me a Reason to the contrary.

15. Now Barabbas was a Robber (of the King's Prerogative,) who for raising a certain tumult and sedition in the City, was committed &c.

16. The WHIGGS FEAST.

17. Juvenal here has thought good to contradict what he said when he was first alive, and Resolves now to prosecute the Living, as beretofore he did the Dead. Tis an easie thing, and very natural to take an hint from a Place, and raise up its Contrary; the definition of Imitation does allow of it.

18. Cowley says,

— I'll cut through all,
And march the Muses Hannibal,

He

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He was all for Action, and making the way clear, where he could not find it already done to his hands. But I, like a good Tory Christian, being strangely taken with the example of Hudibras, do declare wholly for the valour that is Passive.

FINIS.
